

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corpus*.



VISIT TO THE MANDARIN.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER II.

I SAT DOWN on the floor of the cell, and began to think that I had got into a most unpleasant predicament. It was evident that I was entirely in the power of these rascals, without the slightest hope of being rescued. A noise at the door roused me from the unpleasant reverie into which I had fallen. It opened, and a man dressed in Chinese costume, but evidently a renegade European, entered the cell. He inquired if I spoke French; and, on my answering in the affirmative, said, "I am commanded to inform you, that, as you have

been recognised as a spy in the service of the rebels, you are to be executed to-morrow, being first put to torture in order that you may reveal secrets."

I sprang to my feet, and, with all the French I was master of, assured him that I was no spy, but an English surgeon, who had been found in the place where I was seized by the merest accident. I entreated him to represent my case to the English consul, who would immediately furnish satisfactory proof that I was not what they supposed.

He merely said coldly, "Good afternoon, monsieur," and left the cell.

Well, thought I to myself, this is serious. However, it is no use grieving before the actual time comes. No doubt I shall be missed this evening, and inquiries will be made.

To tell the truth, I was absolutely unable to realize my position. The bare idea that I, this same morning free and safe, should, before twelve hours had elapsed, be a prisoner in a loathsome Chinese den, with a prospect of speedy death and torture, was utterly incredible. I tried to convince myself that it was all a horrid dream, and that, by-and-by, I should awaken and find that I had been suffering from nightmare. But the more I tried to reason on it the worse I got. I ran over in my mind everything I could think of, to get my release. Of course I knew that, if I could but manage to inform the English consul of my situation, there was some chance of escape. But how to do so was the question.

Deeper and deeper grew the shadows of evening as I watched on tiptoe, and with straining eyes, the people outside passing to and fro. The window was so high that I could only just manage to get my eyes on a level with it by great exertion; but it was evidently not that of an ordinary prison, but appeared to be the upper portion of a common casement, the lower part having been bricked up. Strong iron bars crossed the space still left open; but, had the cell itself been constructed of a material slight enough to render an attempt at breaking out possible, the lofty walls surrounding the city, and the ever-watchful guard at the gates, would have effectually prevented escape.

I often look back with wonder to the time I passed in the cell, when I remember that, with so terrible a doom hanging over me, I actually reasoned and reflected about these matters almost as calmly as if I had been merely condemned to a term of imprisonment.

By-and-by I heard the guards strike up the "tattoo for Joss," which consists in beating pieces of bamboo together all night long, to prevent the approach of the evil spirit during the hours of darkness. As an illustration of the inconsistency of the mind under peculiar circumstances, I may mention that the noise they made actually annoyed me, because I knew that it would effectually banish sleep; as if such a matter was likely to be of importance to one who was going to lose his head in the morning. But I assure you there is no exaggeration in this description of my feelings.

Presently my mind began to revert (as yours most probably would have done at first) to the second part of my sentence. I ran over in my mind all I had ever heard of Chinese cruelty. The tortures mentioned by my companion (who, finding I was indisposed to talk, had composed himself to sleep on the floor) had not, as you may imagine, tended to increase the agreeableness of my reflections.

I never had been exactly what people call "irreligious;" that is, I believed that our religion was true, that a moral life was commendable, and, in fact, had possessed what may be called "respectable Christianity." But, believe me, when the full force of my position struck me, I felt that much more than this formal religion was necessary, and I prayed as I never had prayed before.

I was still buried in reflection, when the door opened and a couple of soldiers entered. One bore in his hands a heavy iron ring with a chain attached, the former made to open and shut with a padlock. I of course concluded that this was some instrument of torture, and confess that at the sight of it my heart almost ceased beating. With an inward prayer for strength, I rose up, and, the ring being opened, was clasped and locked

around my body. I was much relieved to find that it was merely for the purpose of chaining me to the wall, to prevent escape; having done this, they left me.

Hour after hour passed away, and darkness gave way to twilight, and that to day—the day of my execution. How I counted the very minutes; how I thought of friends at home, never, as I then believed, to be seen again, you can well imagine.

It must have been about eight o'clock when the renegade who had visited me the previous evening entered the cell.

"Did you not say you were a surgeon?" he said.

I started. A chance of escape yet seemed open. "Yes," I replied. "Is there any way in which I can be useful?"

"You can," was his answer; "follow me and I will show you how."

Calling in some of the guard, he ordered them to unlock the chain from the wall, and, escorted by them, with the heavy iron band still clasped round my waist, I walked behind my conductor out of the cell.

He led me but a short distance, and, entering a rich-looking house, took me to a room in which, on a rattan couch, lay a mandarin, evidently of high rank. Turning to the soldiers, he told them to wait without (at least I presume so), and then said—

"The mandarin Ko-lin-sin was dangerously wounded in an engagement last evening. I am commanded to see if you are, as you profess, a surgeon. Our own doctor says he is dying. We know the skill of the barbarians in these matters; and if you are one of their surgeons, you can save his life. Remember, your own will depend on your preserving his."

You can easily fancy that I regarded my strange patient with no common interest. When one feels that his life is so bound up with another man's, that if he dies his own decease is a necessary sequence, one cannot help looking upon him with no small degree of anxiety. The first thing I did was to request I might be allowed to see the wound. To do this it was necessary to wake the mandarin.

He started up, opened his eyes, and ejaculated "Fan-gin," which means "foreign devil," and is the term usually applied to us when they intend to be uncivil.

Well—turning his head he addressed some remark to the interpreter. I couldn't understand what he said, of course, but, whatever it was, the answer seemed to soothe him. He showed me the wound, which was in the chest, but external only. The blundering Chinaman had managed, fortunately, to extract the ball, which I should have been unable to do, having no instruments with me; so I had merely to put on the necessary dressings. They had apparently been trying to canterize the wound by burning gunpowder in it, which had, of course, resulted in much agony to their unfortunate patient. He seemed much relieved and pleased at the way in which I had dressed it, and said something in Chinese which I could not help regarding as favourable.

I was then taken back to the cell; but the ring was taken off, and I was no longer chained up like a wild beast. If ever thanksgivings to the Almighty were sincere, mine were that morning. In the afternoon I again visited my patient, escorted as before. He was going on well, and I began to congratulate myself on my safety—rather too prematurely, as events turned out. The mandarin's health improved daily, and by the renegade's help (who was not half so bad a fellow as he seemed at first) he was persuaded to write to the English consul. The consul sent the letter on board the ship,

but, most unfortunately for me, the captain was on shore. As it was addressed to the officer in command, the chief mate, Blackman, thought himself justified in opening it. This man had never forgiven me the contempt I had shown for his authority on the passage out, and now thought he would take his revenge. He resolved to say nothing of the matter to the captain, but wrote across the corner of the letter, "Not known on board the 'Douglas Stewart,'" and returned it to the consul. He, of course, sent an answer to that effect to the mandarin who had befriended me, who, on receiving it, immediately sent for me and taxed me with having deceived him. I was thunderstruck, and, almost stupefied, mechanically took from his hand the consul's letter, while the mandarin (through the interpreter) proceeded—

"Confess, then, that you are a spy. I will use my influence that you are not tortured, but put to death in a merciful manner. If you are contumacious, you will suffer torture."

I protested that I had spoken truth, but he would not listen.

"How comes it then," said he, "that your barbarian consul even will not acknowledge you? You must be of the race of other barbarians, and they are all friends of the rebels. You must return to the prison, and, if you do not confess within three days, your former sentence will be carried out."

I could hardly bring myself to believe that the man I had almost rescued from death could thus coolly inform me that I was to be put to the torture and then executed. It was a fact, nevertheless. That evening I was chained up again.

The only circumstance which rendered my position more supportable than on the former occasion was, that I had succeeded in ingratiating myself with the renegade. The next morning he visited me, and, after listening to my vehement protestations against the diabolical ingratitude of Ko-lin-sin, said, with a smile—

"Can you manage to obtain twenty dollars?"

"Yes," I replied, "if I may send a letter to the consul. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if we can get the torture dispensed with, we can easily find a substitute to be executed for you. I don't know," he added, after a pause; "but they may require two for you, though. That would make forty dollars."

I naturally concluded the renegade was joking; but no sign of a smile was visible on his face.

"Well," said I, "can you get a letter sent for me if I write one?"

"Yes," he replied. "I will try, at all events. You shall have the paper and pen this afternoon." He then left the cell.

It so happened that the captain, who had made up his mind to do that which he ought to have done at first, had resolved to mention my disappearance to the consul that very evening, as he had been invited to dine at his house at five o'clock. When they had seated themselves at the table, the consul said—

"That was rather an extraordinary affair, Captain Smith, about that man who pretended he belonged to your ship, eh?"

Captain Smith looked up and said, "What man? You surely don't mean to say—"

"Why," said the consul, "I mean that a young man, calling himself Widdam, or Winnam, or some such name, said he was your surgeon when he was taken prisoner the other day, and—"

The captain rose from the table in great perturbation, and said—

"Why, so he is; and the poor fellow has been missing these ten days. How on earth is it that I never heard of it before? Pray tell me where he is, and I'll—"

The consul went to his table and took from it a letter, which he handed to the captain, pointing to Blackman's signature and remark.

"The villain never told me a word about this. I'll discharge him instantly." And the captain then narrated what I have already told you, of the feeling the mate had shown towards me, concluding by remarking, "And so the villain thought he would get rid of Wyndham in this way. Poor fellow! they may have executed him by this time," he continued, with tears in his eyes. "Pray send into the city immediately, and save him if possible."

A letter was accordingly despatched on the instant to the mandarin in command, who, on reading it, sent for the renegade, and, having from him a confirmation of its truth, gave him permission to free me at once.

Two hours later I was free, and in the cabin of the worthy captain, who almost cried for joy at recovering me. My after adventures were of no importance. But I may say that I was mercifully preserved from being drowned, shot, tortured, and beheaded, all in a short time.

Some of my readers look as if I had not quite finished my story. What do you want to know?

"Why," says one, "I want to know if you said good-bye to the mandarin?"

Not I. I got out of the town as fast as my legs would carry me, and did not feel safe till I was on board ship again.

"What became of that abominable mate?" says another; "he ought to have been executed himself, the wicked, cruel man."

Oh, he was discharged next day, and the captain took good care to tell everybody the story; so he could not get another berth as mate anywhere. He had to ship as a seaman at last, in a vessel bound for California. I heard afterwards she was lost in a gale, and all hands were drowned.

#### A DAY IN THE DELTA.

NEVER having seen the interior of a rich native's house, I was glad to be invited, with a large party, to spend a day in a village of the Delta, where a native who had ventured upon a career as trader in cotton had just built a house, to which he begged us to come to dine. The unusual strength of mind exhibited by this man, in daring to show himself possessed of money, led us to expect an agreeable day; and I rose early, novice as I was, in the belief that everybody would be ready at the hour named for starting. But the orderly, punctual ways of our dear Old England are not the fashion in the East, and the sun was far up before we left the house.

The first scene was "the mount." As we were so large a party, a few donkeys had been hired to supplement the horses and mules; and, as no horse was at my disposal that morning, I chose a donkey rather than a mule. However, I began to feel doubtful as to the wisdom of my choice; for before I could get a good seat it was necessary to mount three, and even then I felt uneasy, since my saddle consisted of nothing but a pair of saddle-bags made of the coarse brown cloth of the country, partly filled with straw, and laid across the animal's back, without even a string to keep them from falling off. A piece of rope about four feet long was passed over the nose of my Rosinante, and with the other end of this



rope in my hand I started. You must not think that, because on this occasion the animals ridden by myself and all the other ladies were so miserably equipped, all donkeys are alike in Egypt. In Alexandria and Cairo you get nice animals often, and those for hire are decently turned out, sometimes even gay, and if a lady wishes a side-saddle it can also be hired; but you must remember I am speaking of affairs in the country villages, and no amount of seeking or payment could have furnished us with better saddles and bridles, for the very simple reason that they did not exist, and are not used by the natives.

Presently, all having started, we wound in single file along the dusty track. I say "track," because here are no roads, nor indeed could roads, as we understand them, be made in this land; for the earth is rich and soft, and absorbs water very readily, so that when the sun shines, which is always, it is converted into dust, and the moment a breeze rises one is blinded. Thus, to this very richness of the soil the Egyptians are indebted in great measure for the attacks of that terrible ophthalmia, whose disfiguring traces one sees in nearly every individual.

After creeping along the track, with six inches of dust instead of a macadamized road, for nearly an hour, we struck the bank of a branch of the Nile, and here all the party assembled. So far safe—thanks, partly, to our good grooms (*sais*), of whom each of us had at least one. The grooms take hold of the animal's head, and trot gently along by the side; so one is freed from all care of the creature. In some cases the groom was supporting the fatigued or lazy rider, as we saw to our amusement; and two of us drew up here and let the cavalcade pass, for the purpose of amusing ourselves at the expense of our companions. One was riding with his face towards the tail of his donkey, in order the more conveniently to talk to a lady, whose animal insisted on following instead of walking by the side of the other. Then the Sybarite of our party rode forward on a grandly-caparisoned horse, to seek a shady place where to rest and smoke, though he had risen from bed almost at the last moment before we started.

Now we passed a village, which looked so unusually clean that some of us dismounted for an exploring expedition, and walked as far as the inevitable little Djemma, built near the grave of some village saint; but we quickly turned back, for we found the usual amount of filth was here, though it had been invisible from the greater distance. We thought there was an unusual quantity of water, and we saw a larger number of those dove-cotes, which look like the chimneys of a glass-house, than one generally finds in Fellach villages.

The Nile was at its lowest point, and thus many small islands were shown in the middle of its bed. These islands were covered with wild duck; but the birds were so shy that nobody could get within gun-shot. This was a great disappointment to some who had expected good sport, and every discharge only drove the game further away. So, after begging some fresh-pulled onions, the poor gentlemen mounted again, and we proceeded to a garden, where they hoped to find some lovely little birds with green and gold plumage, which certainly are very good indeed when roasted; but, as these beautiful creatures sing very sweetly among the orange gardens, and remind me strongly of our kingfishers, I confess I did not like to see them shot.

Leaving the sporting part of the company, we sought flowers, but in vain: nothing was to be seen but the prettily-coloured blossoms of some vetches; so I took a sprig of rosemary and a piece of another flowering

shrub, mounted, and went on nearly alone for a mile or two; then we allowed our companions again to pass us. And now some were too tired to walk; some were merrily chanting Italian songs; one droned an Arab melody; one sang in French; and another read, while she was very comfortably supported by her *sais*.

Notwithstanding the delay, I came in second at the arrival, and found the sheikh's house large and well built; the great fault was that it had been made merely of sun-dried bricks; so, if the next inundation rose to the foundation of this nice airy place, it would just sink down like all the meaner hovels near it.

There was a good entrance for horses and donkeys; then the house door led into a large hall, and from this opened three rooms, on the eastern side; they were about thirty-five by twenty feet, and fifteen feet high. There was a divan on three sides of each. We were conducted to one of these; but the dinner was served in another room, whilst in the third apartment were some other visitors.

Here I must add, these rooms were guiltless of paper, or whitewash, or even plaster; they are seen just as the bricklayer left them, of a terribly dingy mud colour. The ceilings are boarded over, *above* the rafters, which are laid in squares. Eighteen inches above these upper boards they lay another floor, which is made water-tight with cement; and this is the roof or "terrace" where one can walk or sleep, and which is surrounded by a wall three feet high. The floors of the rooms are laid with bricks or tiles, quite simply; but the door-frames and panels, also the window-shutters, are generally worked with what carpenters call a "bead" on every line. These beads are cut with knives only, and are yet very neat and regular.

As nobody ever shuts a door, even should he possess one, we were very public, and observed and quizzed by so many who crowded round the doorway for that end, as to be glad of the diversion occasioned by the arrival of a mean little Turkish governor, grandly got up, with patent leather boots. This man was quite too sublime to be in our company, since he had been lately dubbed Pasha! Not caring much about that, we left him to talk over his glories with the host. Presently they got upon business topics, and the Turk heard that some money he wanted might perhaps be obtained from one of our party. The grovelling little individual thereupon became civil, and even patronising, but we gave him less heed than ever, being engaged with a very interesting, dignified, and really gentlemanlike Arab noble—one of the *three* who are entitled to use the much-venerated name of "Sheik-el-Arab"—a tall, well-knit man, with a dark face and good sensible features—the greatest defect being the thickness of the lower lip; the eyes were dark, full, and clear. He was the only Arab I ever saw who looked younger than he really was: he appeared about five-and-forty, but he was above sixty; probably this was owing to his leading a pastoral life. His great riches consist in flocks and herds. I was assured he had thirty thousand sheep and a hundred and fifty camels, with other animals in proportion. He possesses a breed of Angora sheep, but will never part with a single specimen on any pretence whatever. He is said to have uncounted gold hidden in the earth, and is yearly adding to this store. He drove a bargain for the sale of some cotton, with great shrewdness, and added thus to the reserved funds of his unproductive bank.

The dinner, from kind and polite motives, was not a regular Fellach one; but we sat on a mat on the floor, round a large circular iron tray; and of the sheep

roasted whole, I can honestly say it was good, though the stuffing was questionable, made of flour, rice, and garlic. Next came a roast turkey; the bird was very nice, but it was stuffed with raisins, figs, almonds, pistachios, rice, flower, Barcelona nuts, and some strong scent. Presently came a round tin dish, at least twenty inches in diameter, containing a curious kind of cake-pie; it differs from anything I have ever seen out of Egypt, but reminds one rather of puff-paste with heavy almond paste underneath, the whole bathed in butter, and disagreeably sweet and rich; there are generally a few almonds thrown in, and when about half baked it is cut into diamond-shaped compartments. It is served up a pale brown colour, and very hot, so that the butter and honey stream down one's fingers. Our plates consisted of the large, flat, Arab bread cakes, and our fingers did duty for knives and forks.

As somebody had taken the precaution to carry wine, we escaped drinking the muddy Nile water presented by our good Mohammedan host. This Nile water is very nice and sweet, as every one says, but it needs filtering twice to be drinkable. We drank the wine when the host was not present, and one of our servants hid the empty bottles in his ample sleeves. Presently we washed our hands, having water poured over them above a curious brass dish or basin with a perforated top, through which the soiled water disappears; and after that the ladies visited the harem. We found there two wives between twenty and thirty years old: only one had a child; the chief lady, who was childless, was a happy, round-faced, fat woman, who would be content anywhere if she could enjoy herself in an animal fashion. The second wife was a tall, slender, oval-faced woman, with that Egyptian type of features one always imagines Pharaoh's daughter must have had. The smile of this wife was sad, but her welcome quite as genial, though less demonstrative than that of her superior, and she was altogether a woman of far higher class. We soon lost the company of this nice woman; for, being the second wife, she had to attend to the housekeeping, and the arrival of more visitors rendered her presence in the kitchen necessary.

Seated in a small room, which barely accommodated our own party, we were stifled with heat, and were crushed by a perfect mob of women, who crowded round to see our white faces, and who pulled us rather more roughly than we liked, when they wished us to look round or to display any part of our dress. Among our critics we found two handsome women, who were persuaded to raise the veil that we might see them; one of these certainly had a dash of European blood in her, as her figure, skull, and lips bore unmistakable testimony. These poor people were all utterly ignorant; so we could get no information from them, and were glad that our wish to see the kitchens gave us an opportunity of leaving the little den we had been caged in, and which it seems was a part of the old house, used because the new women's house was not completed. We found the kitchens large roomy places, partly open to the sky; the stoves, or ranges, are simply troughs, made by building two parallel lines of brickwork, about four feet long and one foot high, with a space of nearly a foot wide between them; in the trough the fire (of charcoal) is kindled, and the cooking pots are rested above. Cooking is everywhere carried on in the same way; only when a range is constructed in the open fields, it is made with earth instead of bricks.

The return ride was pleasant, as we deferred it till rather late; and we went leisurely along, talking of home, of the miseries of Arab life, and of the curious

differences one sees as one travels from land to land. For my part, I always ended each of these discussions with a hearty thanksgiving for belonging to my own dear island.

Some day I should like to visit the sheikh again, as he was about to take home his new wife, for whom, when ten years old, he paid two hundred and fifty pounds, and who is now deemed old enough for him to receive as a wife, seeing she has completed her twelfth year. But really the disparity of ages is quite absurd in this case, for the expectant bridegroom is nearly forty!

## A MINIATURE OCEAN.

BY J. K. LORD, F.Z.S.

THE traveller from Folkestone to Boulogne cannot help noticing, as the steamer nears the irregular chalky outline of the French coast, a strange, craggy, sharp-pointed affair, unlike rocks or anything else he is familiar with, except a bundle of gigantic stalactites turned upside down and painted red. Appealing to the captain, the through railway guard, or anybody else for information, the puzzled traveller will be informed that this apparition is the "new aquarium," in process of erection close to the Etablissement des Bains de Mer.

As a geological achievement, this monster aquarium is not a success, neither is its exterior pleasing to the eye; no person, however much disposed to give the reins to his fancy, would believe in the reality of basaltic rocks being shot up in a lump, like a bunch of mushrooms, from amidst the chalk. Neither was I, to begin with, at all impressed with the utility of what I saw.

I entered a narrow gateway, and, threading my way over artificial mounds, heaps of turf, pyramids of brick and tile-pipe, descended upon an assemblage of ugly-looking pits; some had water in them; from the others the tide had gone out, and the few living things which may be supposed to have been there at the ebb had gone out with it. A few unhappy-looking shore crabs, some pectens, periwinkles, and other shell-fish, gasping for air and water, a sea urchin or two—their coats so stiff and dry that their spines and suckers were fixtures like themselves—these, together with fish dead and dying, made up the sum total of all the treasures from old Ocean's realms contained in this monster aquarium, which seemed to my eyes a most bungling affair, consisting of a chaos of pits, holes, and indescribable openings.

I could make out legions of tile-pipes leading to every where, and from every place, crossing and recrossing, until I was fairly baffled, and led to imagine that what I gazed at could be anything, or mean anything, but an inexplicable confusion of holes and lines of pipes. Whilst in this state of doubt and disappointed hopes, a Frenchman came to the rescue; he was a particularly earthy kind of individual, and smelt strongly of sea-weed, mortar, and mould; his garments, reduced to two articles which shall be nameless, suggested at once that the wearer was of subterranean origin and a dweller in caves. Whence he came, or to what magic or mystery I was indebted for his presence, is even now a secret; however, there he stood by my side, beckoning me impatiently, and shaking his head at all I had been contemplating. I followed him closely: we crossed several deep pits on uncomfortably narrow planks, wound our way amidst piles of slimy-looking rocks, down over a slanting kind of cliff, where water dripped upon us like a mild shower-bath from a stream above, that went plunging into a chasm, to disappear and vanish I know not where. Then, after

groping slowly along through a damp, intricate, twist-about passage, we came most unexpectedly into an immense cavern, which I should say, at a guess, was sixty feet long, and not quite so wide, its centre supported on massive columns, cleverly made to resemble lime-rock and stalactite. The sun steals in mysteriously through the vaulted roof, and, as its rays linger round the angular points and jagged outlines of the surrounding walls, it lights them up with a weird, unreal kind of glimmer, which gives to the recesses and hollow places an appearance of impenetrable darkness. Add to this the drip, drip, and tinkling ripple of unseen water, and the idea of being actually deep down in the bowels of the earth becomes strangely real. It was from out this cavernous retreat my earthy friend had sprung.

Natural as the cave itself appeared, still more strongly was the idea of being actually under both earth and sea brought home to me, when, along the sides, and fronting the entrance, I saw veritably, and not in mere figure of speech, a number of small seas. Large irregular cavern-like openings are made in the sides of the vault, the fronts of which are glass, which is let into the inequalities of the concrete; the interiors of these holes are of every imaginable shape, and are scooped and fashioned so as to form quaint dens and chambers for all kinds of sea-fish, mollusks, and lower forms of marine life, to skulk, hide, and live in. Many of these artificial oceans have yet to be completed, but in those which I saw filled with sea-water, and tenanted with sea-fish, the light is so artfully and cleverly disposed of, by an arrangement of mirrors and reflectors, that I could see no end to the space; it was exactly like gazing into an illimitable extent of water—an actual *sea*, looked up through, instead of down into, from the surface.

Under the marine aquaria are others divided off from them by a kind of glass floor. These are for containing fresh-water fish. This struck me as being a mistake in arrangement, inasmuch as it destroys the deception of being an actual ocean on a miniature scale; and fish of the lakes and rivers are seen, to all appearance, swimming about with turbot, whiting, plaice, and cod-fish.

About twenty of these tiny seas are in process of construction, which, as I have said, vary in size and shape. Seats, too, are built to resemble natural ledges of rock, and it is intended that lichens, mosses, ferns, together with a variety of plants that love damp and shade, shall clothe the rugged walls and gloomy roof with a tapestry of leaves, and that "sea-weeds" (as they are miscalled) shall wave their varied and exquisitely tinted fronds to and fro in all the miniature oceans. When this is accomplished (and it will be at no very distant time), Boulogne may boast, and proudly too, of having the largest and most beautiful aquarium in the world.

It may be of further interest to the reader to know how this clever production was constructed, and by whom. First, then, the substructure is mainly built of hollow bricks, which are covered with a concrete that becomes as hard as stone. Outside three or four splintery peaks are carried up to a height of eighty feet, and surrounding these are the tanks which so puzzled me at first. These are to be covered over, but openings are to be left sufficiently large to allow of a man's getting into them in order to clear out dirt, remove dead fish and mollusks, or to add new specimens as circumstances may require. It is through the glass fronts to these tanks the visitor looks at the wonders of the deep, when down in the

cavern. The sea-water is pumped up day and night by a large steam-engine, and conveyed by a most skilful arrangement of clay pipes over every part of the aquarium; it then is made to tumble in baby waterfalls from rock to rock, to wander on in tiny rivulets amidst the mounds and cliffs, to leap into mysterious chasms, to come out again and find its way through a variety of mazy passages, until it falls into the tanks, and eventually reaches the waste pipe to go back to where it was pumped from. Further than this, the power of steam is made to send the sea-water high up into the angular pinnacles, from whence it falls in showers of spray upon the many fountains that dance gaily in the sunlight round about their bases. I did not see all this actually in operation, but I saw the arrangements which are in progress of construction, and I had it minutely explained to me. The artist by whom this clever production originated is M. Edouard Bétencourt, and under his personal management it is rapidly approaching completion. Report too says this same artist is deputed to erect a second monster aquarium for the coming Exhibition at Paris.

All honour to the good people of Boulogne and the clever artist M. Bétencourt for setting us so good an example; and it is not too much to say that our neighbours across the Channel will confer a benefit on the world if they appoint managers for these little oceans, who have the will and ability equal to rightly exemplifying the art of sea-farming, which, as an art bearing directly upon the all-important question of cheapening food for the poorer part of the community, stands second to none.

What fish do deep down in the sea not one of us knows. With a few exceptions we are in utter darkness and ignorance as to the way most of our edible fish spawn, where they spawn, how long the baby-fish are hatching, or what becomes of them after they launch from the egg into the world of waters. Neither are we a whit more enlightened as to how they spend their time, grow, and live, until either the fish-hook or net nabs them, and we purchase them as an article of food.

But here, in these oceans in a room, a chance, and a very good chance, too, offers itself, which will enable the naturalist to play the spy and detective upon the habits of deep-sea fish. There is no reason why they should not spawn in these tanks of sea-water, which is ever moving and changing like the ebbing and flowing of the tide, or why the egg so deposited should not produce healthy young; then, if they do, what is to hinder our knowing the history, growth, and habits of any marine fish we may be disposed to watch? We hatch salmon in our kitchens and conservatories, rear them up to a certain age, honour them with a medal or some indelible mark, and send them off to sea, well knowing, if they escape the thousand and one perils besetting their journey, that they will return, as a general rule, to the river they left when travelling oceanward. Why not hatch soles, herrings, cod, turbot, together with other fish quite as useful in their way as salmon? We need not even send these to sea; we could keep them at home and feed them as we do our pigs and poultry.

Oysters, too, may "spat," for aught we can tell to the contrary, in these salt-water tanks. Then, by gentle treatment, a proper temperature, and tranquil water, let us hope these obstinate young "natives," that baffle Buckland and bother everybody else, may be induced to amend and alter the bad habits they have got into of latter years, that of never *sticking* to anything.

Lobsters, prawns, crabs, whelks, mussels, and winkles may be made to develop their young in these novel seas.



We know the young of these mollusks and crustaceans are produced from eggs in some form or the other; and, having stated that much, we have about exhausted all we practically know about the matter.

I am bound to confess that our neighbours are ahead of us at present in these pursuits. The greater reason is there for us to establish something similar to these artificial oceans near to some of our sea-side towns. Sea-farming is as yet but little attended to; but the time is coming when the deep-sea farms will be made to yield their regular harvests, and we shall find out that "the treasures of the deep are greater than those of the land."

## A SUMMER TOUR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

### CHAPTER V.—FROM STOCKHOLM TO COPENHAGEN.

WE had taken care to secure berths on board the little paddle-steamer which used to run (and does still, I believe) twice or thrice a month between St. Petersburg and Stockholm. Having also been for ten days previously advertised in the official journals as about to quit the Russian dominions,\* we embarked one still sunny afternoon, and proceeded swiftly down the stream of the Neva till we reached Cronstadt. Here we remained two or three hours, undergoing our final inspection from the authorities of the Douane, after which we were eagerly engaged in scanning and admiring the massive fortifications, the docks, harbours, and shipping of this renowned stronghold. Our course was now due west for about twenty hours; and early in the afternoon of the second day we reached Revel, a charming old town abounding in the picturesque, the capital of the province of Esthonia, which, after being Danish and then Swedish (with a miserable attempt at self-government between whites), was at last wrested from the possession of Charles XII. by Peter the Great, and has remained Russian ever since.

We had three or four hours here, which enabled us to climb up the rocky eminence of the upper town, known as the *Dom*, and look round upon this aristocratic quarter of the city. The ascent is very toilsome; but the tourist is rewarded by a charming view over the busy mart of the lower town, at whose feet the blue waters of the gulf were sparkling and dancing in the bright sunlight. We could only glance at the old Olai kirche, named after St. Olai, the first Christian king of Norway, and at the castle and the many quaint and curious buildings which lie within the compass of this old Gothic citadel. Late in the evening of the same day we arrived within sight of the massive fortifications of Sweaborg (bombarded by the Anglo-French fleet in the late war), the Gibraltar of the North, situated on the northern shore of the gulf. They are built on seven islands of granite—mountain tops, in fact, rearing their proud and rugged crests from the sea-depths, and, of course, serve as an impregnable safeguard to the town and harbour of Helsingfors, where our little vessel had now arrived, and moored for the night under its rocky shores. We were allowed the whole of the next day to ramble about this charming town, or sail round the island fortresses which protect it, or enjoy the very pleasant society of visitors—English, Danish, Swedish, and Finnish—whom we found assembled in its pleasant hotel, or who had formed part of the complement of passengers in our snug little steamer. The houses are well built, and the streets and public squares are wide and spacious, the senate-house and the university being really very handsome and attractive

\* This is an indispensable pre-requisite, to prevent visitors running off in debt.

buildings, besides the cathedral, remarkable for its size and admirable situation. Then the whole place is beautifully clean—not to be wondered at when we remember that the rocky foundation of the town itself, and of every building of importance in it, is the hard imperishable granite, which is the chief geological characteristic of Finland. A delightful day was terminated by a concert in the assembly-rooms, at which the late gifted violinist Ernst was the principal performer; but from this unexpected treat all who were passengers by the steamer were compelled to betake themselves in sudden and ignominious flight. The announcement was swiftly circulated that the captain intended putting off from the shore at nine o'clock, to be ready for a start early in the morning, in order to reach Abo before dark. There was, of course, no help for it, and fully a score of us had to retreat in confusion from the siren strains of the orchestra, and make a most uncereemonious exit from the concert-room. Our skipper was true to his word, and, on rising betimes the next day, we were many miles from Helsingfors. I shall not easily forget the scene which met our view. The sea was as smooth as the waters of an inland lake, on which it seemed indeed as if we really had somehow entered. On all sides were granite islands, large and small, singly and in groups, cropping up out of the deep; often bare, with their mottled porphyry tops smooth and clean by the washing of the sea, but as often covered with clusters of pine, though with no other vegetation that we could discern. The whole day we threaded our way through these island groups, which form a rampart against the outer waters of the gulf, and thereby secure to the voyager a perfect immunity from the discomforts of the "*mare iratum*." The navigation, however, is most intricate, and the steamers invariably stop during the few short hours of the summer night—a mode of travelling quite new to us; and, though the voyage is necessarily prolonged, we found it most enjoyable.

We passed a Sunday at Abo (pronounced nearly as *Obo*); but the impression was that of a city whose glory was past and gone, leaving only a scene of desolation behind; yet the approach to this ancient city is really striking, with its old castle standing on a lofty eminence, its once massive but now ruined tower still visible from far, and bringing back the memory of many days of pristine glory, when Abo was the capital of Finland, and its University, founded by Gustavus Adolphus in the brightest days of Swedish history, but now removed to Helsingfors, was crowded with students; and its Observatory, once of world-wide fame, could boast of that noble site where it still lifts its head on high, on the lofty eminence behind the castle, a memorial of its former fame and greatness. The cumbrous but venerable cathedral, too, with its incongruous blending of architectural styles in the interior, still stands to commemorate the earliest introduction of Christianity into Finland; and its saintly remains, in their half-open coffins in the vaults below, and the various monuments visible in the church itself, still keep up the remembrance of some of Sweden's saints and heroes, who found their last resting-place on the wild rocky shores of this bleak northern region. We were not sorry to say farewell to Abo, which, since the fearful fire in 1827, has been a melancholy and desolate spot; but, being the last place touched at en route to Stockholm from St. Petersburg, it serves as a good preparation for the traveller who purposes visiting the "*Venice of the North*," which is not more than twelve hours' sail from Abo, and which we reached early in the afternoon of the following day.

Still observing the same needful caution, our captain

did not leave his moorings in the Aurajoki\* till daylight, as our course lay through the same labyrinthine chain of granite islets, the whole way across the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, up to the very entrance of the fiord which leads up to the Swedish capital. It was an

midst, till the final turn is made in the ship's course, and you are in full view of the Queen of Scandinavia, rearing herself out of the very midst of the waters, like a bright sunny smile on the face of the deep. There can be but one sentiment of admiration in the breast of



THE RIDDARHOLMS CHURCH—STATUE OF GUSTAVUS VASA.  
(The chapel with the cupola contains the tomb of Charles XII.)

enchanted day's sail, the islands increasing in size and picturesqueness and boldness of form and grouping, and more thickly planted with pine and fir, as the mainland is approached. Then the channel suddenly widens, and you perceive you have at last bid adieu to the gulf outside, as you gaze upon the rocky wood-covered acclivities, between which the little steamer is now rapidly cleaving her way through the unruffled water. Before half an hour has passed, the channel has suddenly contracts, the rocky banks approach nearer and nearer, their rugged sides become steeper, and you expect at every turn to see the city break on your view. This is the entrance to the inner channel; and it is securely guarded by the massive frowning fortress of Waxholm, planted mid-stream on one of these granite island-tops about three hundred yards equi-distant from either side of the stream, the whole course of which it completely commands, and thus forms the key to the inner waters of the channel. After this the scenery is more beautiful than ever; the rocky heights on each side, and the islands scattered about here and there, are clothed with oak and birch as well as pine, and pretty villas may be discerned nestling in their

every traveller who thus sees for the first time this very charming northern capital in her lovely and picturesque retreat mid the far-off waters of the Baltic.

Immediately on landing we were struck by an affinity in manners and appearance between the Swedes and our own countrymen. Nothing of that air of imperial fussiness under which the English tourist has so often chafed in Russia; no trouble at all about passports or baggage, and no worry from porters, who take every thing remarkably quiet; while such a nuisance as *touting* does not exist, seeing that there are only one or two hotels in the city, or were not; the visits of voyagers of pleasure being few and far between, and the special art of entertaining Englishmen entirely unknown.

It was, and I believe still is, indispensable to personal comfort to procure an introduction to the "Stora," a sort of club where, alone in all Stockholm, is there a *cuisine*, and which is supplied with some foreign newspapers, and other needful comforts unknown in the hotels. This (as in our case) being provided, we soon secured comfortable lodgings, and settled ourselves down for a ten days' most pleasant sojourn in the Swedish capital. We were fortunate in obtaining the services of a respectable *valet de place*, who proved to be a decent sort of

\* The name of the Abo river, called also the Åura.



fellow, and an admirable cicerone. Our party had been increased to three by the accession of a very accomplished Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, and well versed in continental travel; but who had never till now found his way so far to the north. He had come with

from the handsome bridges of granite which connect the aristocratic quarter of the city with the mainland.

The Royal Palace at Stockholm, a prodigious pile of building, whose massive proportions should be seen from the opposite side of the water, contains within



INTERIOR OF THE RIDDARHOLMS CHURCH—THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE KINGS OF SWEDEN.

us from St. Petersburg, and continued with us on our return journey through Sweden, Denmark, and Northern Germany. Every day we walked or drove or sailed about Stockholm; for the waters of the Fjord intersect the city in several places, the central part, where the monster Palace Royal and the chief buildings are placed, being an island, which, in fact, distinguishes the Mälar lake from the Baltic, whose waters intermingle round the granite quays, and flow together in pleasant intercourse beneath the bridges which connect this island with the northern and southern suburbs of the city. These waters are always a scene of life and bustle, on which a large portion of the inhabitants—in Canton fashion—seem to live; the women especially plying their numberless little paddle-boats, turned by a winch, which evidently serve as floating laundries; and then there are roomy and very complete baths, floating mid-stream as in Paris; but not like the muddy current of the Seine is the bright and sparkling water which flows in and out between the Mälar and the sea. We were never tired of watching the multitude of little craft which used to shoot about on errands of business or pleasure, as we walked on the quay or strolled in the ornamental grounds bordering the lake, or gazed on the busy scene

itself the principal sights of the capital—a museum, library, sculpture and picture galleries, armoury, and cabinets of curiosities, which, taken as a whole, may be said to interest more by their abundance than their rarity, with the exception of the relics of Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII; but latterly these have been removed with the armoury to another building.\* In the library is to be seen the old Latin ms. of the four Gospels, called the "Codex Aureus," supposed to date from the seventh century: it is in gold letters of the Gothic character, and is not to be confounded with the more famous "Codex Argenteus," which contains the early Gothic version made by Bishop Ulfilas towards the close of the fourth century. This celebrated ms. is religiously preserved in the University of Upsala, distant some fifty miles from Stockholm; but this interesting excursion we were obliged to forego. There are some

\* The most interesting of these, however, including the sword of the heroic champion of Protestant liberty, Gustavus Adolphus, and the blood-stained clothes in which he fell on the memorable field of Lützen, 16th November, 1632, are devoutly preserved in the choir of the Riddarholm's Church, the burial-place of all the Swedish kings. It is not to be denied, however, that the equestrian statue of Sweden's most glorious and patriotic monarch, which stands in one of the squares, is quite unworthy of his immortal fame.

very fine specimens of native sculpture in the galleries of the palace; but these did not afford us the same pleasure as we derived from an inspection of a very choice collection of statuary, chiefly works of foreign art, which we fortunately obtained permission to see in a beautiful Italian villa belonging to one of the wealthy citizens, situated in the midst of these picturesque suburbs, which add so much to the charms of the Swedish capital. Affability is not the least of the many pleasing traits which characterize this simple-minded nation, and our own countrymen, who have always been favourites with the Swedes, may reckon upon meeting with every civility and kindness whilst sojourning amongst them or travelling through their free and happy land. Stockholm is rather noted for its quiet coterie of intellectual and literary people, one of whose brightest ornaments, Frederika Bremer, has only recently been removed from this scene of her peaceful triumphs. Of another deservedly famous person, Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, we preserved a memorial in the shape of a capital portrait, purchased in her native city.

As we wished to reach Copenhagen within certain limits of time, we were compelled somewhat suddenly to break up our camp at Stockholm, so as not to miss the opportunity of seeing the principal lakes of Sweden, now connected with the capital at one side and the port of Gottenburg at the other, by means of the Göta canal. The little steamer which makes this voyage only accommodates twenty passengers, for whose benefit ten exceedingly cozy little cabins are constructed under the poop deck, five on either side, and each holding two persons. Fortunately we had secured berths in good time, and at six o'clock one fine morning at the very end of summer, we three Englishmen found ourselves at the quay which borders the Mälar lake, and, having taken possession of the little snuggerly assigned to us below, hurried up the companion-ladder at the first vibration of our vessels' tiny screw,\* to look our last farewell at the fair Venice of the North.

The Göta canal, as is well known, was designed by Telford, who surveyed and mapped out the route in less than three weeks; this was in 1808, but the entire works were not completed till 1832. It furnishes the connecting links necessary to the water-way through those mighty fresh-water lakes Wetteren and Wenner, which are thus brought into communication eastward with the smaller lake Roxen, and through it, by another strip of canal, with the Baltic. Thus the tourist has the opportunity of making a coast voyage of some fifty miles on the skirts of the Baltic, after leaving the picturesque waters of the Mälar, before threading his way up the creek, which terminates at Söderköping, where the canal commences, and, by a series of locks, raises the little vessel more than one hundred feet above the sea-level, and gives it access to the lovely waters of the Lake Roxen. Thus, out of a voyage of more than three hundred and sixty miles, not more than fifty are actually on the canal, while perhaps as many more may be assigned to the passage along the coast. The woods on the borders of the Roxen come down to the water's edge, and the lake has some very noble-looking islands, seeming as if they floated on its glassy surface, one of which my companion sketched as our puffing little steamer splashed its way through the peaceful waters, which we alone thus rudely disturbed.

After passing through this lake, the ascent continues

\* At Norrköping, part of the canal was out of repair, so we had to proceed a few miles in country carts and gigs, till we reached the spot where the other boat was lying ready to receive us. She was similar in all respects to the first, except in having paddles instead of a screw.

by a series of eleven locks, which occupies more than two hours, but which gives the passenger the chance of delightful even if hurried rambles to any neighbouring points of interest, while some of the views of woodland and water obtained from each succeeding elevation are most charming. It was about noon on the second day of our voyage that we entered the deep transparent water of Lake Wetteren, a noble expanse ninety miles long, but only fifteen wide, across which we seemed to speed too rapidly. We passed no island, though it has one or two further south; but the exquisite clearness of the water was remarked by everybody, the bottom being seen distinctly when the depth did not exceed thirty feet. But the shore shelves rapidly downwards, and the lake in some places is said to be unfathomable. Then our course lay through twenty miles of a narrow strip of lake called the Viken, full of little island gems, richly covered with forest timber, oak, ash, elm, and pine. A most charming part of our journey this was, and here we attained our summit level of 307 feet above the Baltic. Rapidly descending by another series of locks, we came late in the evening to the entrance to the Wenner, an enormous sheet of water, which in all Europe is only surpassed in size by the Russian lakes Ladoga and Onega. It is a famous region for sportsmen; and in winter the excitement of wolf-hunting may be enjoyed by those who are adventurous enough to follow the hungry packs in sledges over the frozen waters of the lakes. The navigation being very intricate at the eastern side, our progress for awhile was but slow, and moreover we staid some short time near the little town of Mariestad; but by the next afternoon we had reached the entrance to the Göta river, near which the voyager invariably turns aside to see the famous falls of Trollhätten, situated amidst scenery of a more romantic character than any we had hitherto observed. Scrambling over the ledges of rock, and following several winding paths, we came at last to a frail bridge, crossing which we came in full view of the rushing stream of mighty waters, whose roar had been distinctly heard for some minutes. The perpendicular descent is not more than twenty feet, so that these falls are more a torrent than a cascade; they are, in fact, the only outlet of the great lake, whose waters come foaming through four huge craggy fissures, with a resistless impetuosity fearful to behold; and then, this fourfold torrent meeting at the bottom of the fall, becomes a mighty surging, seething caldron of waves, lashed into madness by their furious descent, and, only gradually escaping from their rocky dungeon, at length subsiding into the full, deep-flowing stream of the Göta river. Our novel and delightful voyage was now almost at an end; the same afternoon we arrived at Göteborg, a town of no interest at all, where we were condemned to wait three or four days till the arrival of the steamer from Christiania. At last we got away, and, enjoying a delicious sail down the Cattegat, arrived early in the morning off the picturesque and verdant shores of Elsinour, and thence to Copenhagen.\*

#### GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. E. BARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ABAND."

CHAPTER LIV.—THE BUBBLE INFLATED, AND THE BUBBLE BURST  
—RETROSPECTIVE.

My story brings me now to the time when I was more than twenty-five years old. Many events had happened

\* Copenhagen, in Danish *Kiøbenhavn*, or the "merchant's haven." Of Copenhagen an account has already been given, with illustrations, in "The Leisure Hour," No. 631.

in the world around me since the day of which I wrote in my last chapter; but the intervening months and years had passed away quietly with me.

Let me pause and look back.

First, I see myself, in those years, gradually advancing in the confidence of my kind-hearted employer and friend, standing high in his favour, and receiving liberal remuneration for my services. Twice I have been abroad on important business connected with the house in Gracechurch Street, and have happily succeeded in my mission. I am Edwin Millman's chosen friend, too. In all the years we have known each other, since we were school-boys together, we have never had a serious disagreement, and there is no danger that we ever shall have. Edwin, I am happy to remember, has outgrown his tendency to pulmonary disease; or rather, it was a false alarm that he ever had this tendency: but we sometimes talk of our pleasant first holiday in Devonshire, and of its sudden termination. We have had many holidays together since then.

But, although we have never had a serious disagreement, there is one point on which I have not pleased him. He wishes to know why I will not, as in the days of my earlier connection with his father's business, spend my evenings in his society at his own home. "You used to make one of us," he says, "and I am sure we were always so glad of your society; and now, if I ever do get you into the drawing-room, you seem in such a hurry to leave. You don't like aunt Rhoda, I am afraid; or is it Mary who frightens you away?" Of course I cannot tell him the true reason; and, as I do not choose to make false excuses, I altogether hold my peace: and, of late, he has ceased to remonstrate.

I still lodge with Mr. Filby and Betsy, in Fetter Lane. I have already said what a comfortable couple they were after their marriage. They are so still; but Filby is getting old, and he finds business worries him in a way it did not use to do. He has been examining into the state of his finances, and finds, on striking a balance, that he has three thousand pounds "to the good," and can retire on a hundred and fifty pounds a year—money being worth five per cent. at safe investment. This being the case, he talks of disposing of the lease of his house and good-will of his business, and taking a cottage at Islington or Somers Town. Betsy is agreeable to this, on condition that I will continue to live with them till I have a home of my own, and a wife to take care of me.

"Which will never be, Betsy," I say, with a sigh of resignation, to which she responds—

"And I should never have thought it of you, Hurly, that you would have lived so long without trying your hand at marrying."

"You lived twice as long before you made up your mind to it," I reply. And she says that hers was a different case altogether, as no doubt it was.

I turn over another page in my tablets of memory, and I see written down, Silver Square.

I had remembered my vow, and faithfully observed it, that would I never more go to any of William Bix's grand parties; and, indeed, after the evening of which my last chapter treats, I carefully avoided William Bix. But I remembered also my cousin Sophy's earnest entreaty that I would sometimes go and see her; and I now and then went to Silver Square.

I don't think that Sophy was much concerned at the desertion of her former boy-lover. She had long felt convinced that their folly (so she said) would have this termination, and had prepared herself for it. It might have been done in a kinder way, she admitted; but it

was best as it was, and she was contented it should be so. She was not deeply distressed, therefore, when she heard of Marmaduke's marriage with Eugenia, one of the fine, dashing sisters of Quercus and Philander Brown, which took place six months after my last interview with him.

It is scarcely necessary for me to assure my readers that Marmaduke continued to owe me the five hundred pounds he had promised to restore. Indeed, I never saw him again after the night (or morning) of William Bix's party, though I sometimes heard of him as being mixed up with the great Joint-Stock Director (as Bix was called) in his many schemes for transmuting all kinds of base metals, and yet baser materials, into solid, substantial, pure gold. It was evident, therefore, that, however deep William Bix's resentment against Marmaduke might be, he did not allow his personal feelings to interfere with the ordinary course of business. As a matter of delicacy, however, the recreant lover was never again seen in the Silver Square parties. His visits, when paid, were always confined to the range of offices on the ground-floor of the renovated mansion. Furthermore, I heard of Marmaduke that, after his marriage, he began to put into execution some of the schemes he had broached to me. He bought the adjoining property which was to make his estate so much more valuable; and he began to pull down his house that he might build a greater.

Apropos of Marmaduke and his apparent prosperity, I may remark that superabundant wealth seemed to be pouring in, in a full tide, upon all who were fortunate enough to have become connected with William Bix in his numerous schemes. Among these happy ones were the Browns, of Blackheath, the father and his two sons, whose mansion, doubled in size to suit their growing fortunes, glittered within—so I was told—with all kinds of frippery that wealth could purchase, and whose equipages were the envy and admiration of the little world by which they were surrounded. As to the Jupiter who distributed these showers of gold, he had become the most popular man of the time. His house and offices in Silver Square were crowded with grovelling worshippers. High-born gentlemen, and proud, haughty dames, condescended to solicit his notice and favour. A word from his lips filled their hearts with gladness for many a day, for that word might make them rich beyond their previous conceptions. He had but to nod, and there was a wild rush of excitement in what is, *par excellence*, called "The Market." If he deigned to smile on any new enterprise, its success was reckoned sure. It mattered not how wild might be the projects which he favoured: everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. It may be that he was not—it has since been averred that he was not—in any high sense of the words a good man of business; but it was admitted by his detractors (for even William Bix had detractors) that he had boundless audacity, and daring, desperate courage, and a brusqueness of demeanour, which served the turn of blunt honesty.

Enough of this. Once more I turn to my tablets, and the scene in my mind's eye changes.

I see a tumultuous crowd gathering round the old house in Silver Square. There are pale faces, and angry faces, and sorrowful faces, and faces full of revenge, and hatred, and spite, and every evil passion. There are loud shouts, and subdued murmurs, and desperate threats. There are fierce gestures, and wringing of hands, and clenching of fists in impotent wrath. The crowd increases, threatens violence, and is dispersed. Then again it rallies; and curses both loud and deep



may be heard, interspersed with invectives: Bix, the scoundrel; Bix, the swindler; Bix, the thief, robber, murderer; Bix, the everything that tongue can utter or thought frame, so that it is evil. What does it all mean?

It means that the big bubble has burst; that the enchantment is over; that the spell is destroyed; that the golden hopes, and the gold-producing magical papers which yesterday were thought to be worth thousands and tens of thousands of current coin, are of no more value to-day than dry and withered autumnal leaves. It means that William Bix has disappeared, no one knows whither; that the offices are closed; that his willing dupes are ruined.

Day by day I hear more of this—hear of widows and orphans whose scanty means, their living, their all, was intrusted to the marvellous magician, who was to multiply it tenfold; of quiet, plodding men, whose life-savings were invested in the wonderful projects which were to raise them at once beyond the need of further industry; of large and prosperous firms, whose fate is sealed the instant it is whispered that their principal had dealings with William Bix; of reputed millionnaires, who were said to turn pale on 'Change when the first whisper was breathed of things going wrong in the great house in Silver Square.

Every hour brings now its fresh rumours. One company after another has collapsed. As well try to make an empty bag stand upright, as to suppose that one of the multitude of projects with which the name of Bix is associated can maintain an equilibrium. Directors are fleeing to every country in Europe, or beyond it; officials, in dumb show, are replacing the huge ledgers on their shelves, and departing to their homes, wondering what they shall do on the morrow; and shareholders are rushing about from one high authority to another, to find that they have nothing better to do, and nothing worse, than to fold their arms in silent resignation.

There is nothing but ruin—dark, portentous, stark ruin—to be seen hastening on.

Every week increases the more perfect knowledge of the magnitude and completeness of the long series of frauds which have been practised upon the multitude that made haste to be rich. Whether Marmaduke Tozer has been a defrauder in intention, or merely a dupe, is not yet ascertained; but that his ruin is complete and signal there is no doubt at all. He is reduced to abject poverty; his estate is to be sold for the benefit of creditors; so are a dozen more estates, and among them that of Mr. Brown, at Blackheath. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

It is reported that William Bix, the great negotiator, the enormous speculator, the wonderful charlatan, the gigantic swindler—for by each of these supplementary names is he spoken of—has been seen in America, in France, in Australia; that his corpse has been recognised in the Morgue at Paris; in a parish dead-house near London; in a hospital in Dublin: but these are rumours. One thing is certain: he is never seen more near Silver Square. The sheriff of London holds possession of the grand mansion for a brief space, and then messengers from the Bankruptcy Court step in; and there are goodly pickings for the vultures of the law (so people say), but not a penny for the hundreds of ruined creditors.

And where is poor Sophy in all this din, and hubbub, and dire confusion? Go to the game-keeper's cottage, and you will find her there, returned to the warm nest from which she was taken. Poor heart-stricken one!

## CHAPTER LV.—AUNT RHODA'S CATECHISM.

It had become an old story of some year or more, this bursting of the grand bubble; and the busy world, taught wisdom for a little while by the things it had suffered in some of its members, had settled down for that time to the old humdrum method inculcated in the wise saws of "Honesty is the best policy," "Safe bind, safe find," "Small profits and quick returns," with many others of a like import, when Mr. Filby announced to me, first of all, the intention of which I have already spoken, with the proviso which Betsy had introduced into the compact. Of course I agreed heartily with the proposal; and by-and-by, when the project was matured, and a customer was found for the lease and goodwill of the house and business in Fetter Lane, I was employed by my old friends in looking out for the quiet retreat on which they had determined.

"Let it be as near the old place where we used to go daisy-ing and buttercupping as you can get it, Hurly; and be sure there are some green fields round about," said Betsy. These were the only instructions she gave me; all else was left to my judgment and liking.

Only those who have been engaged in a like errand can fully understand how many difficulties I had to surmount before I could find the cottage which I fancied would meet all the requirements of the case. At length, however, after the spare evenings of two or three weeks had been consumed in the quest, I believed I had discovered the very *ne plus ultra* which would delight my old nurse's heart, and, in natural sequence, that of her husband also. It was a pretty cottage, at a moderate rent, with a patch of garden ground attached. It was not far from a main road, but yet it was retired and in the country, or as much so as could be expected of a cottage within three or four miles of St. Paul's. There were green fields near, not the identical fields which had witnessed our former communings—Betsy's and mine—but sufficiently like them to answer every purpose; and there was a dairy close at hand, kept by the very woman (grown twenty years older) who had supplied my childish cravings for new milk and curds-and-whey. I verily believe—silly as it may seem—that this discovery hastened the conditional bargain I immediately made with the owner of the vacant cottage.

Returning to Fetter Lane with the good news of my success, I was mysteriously told by Betsy that I had got home just in time; that I was particularly wanted by a stranger lady who had alighted half-an-hour ago from a hackney coach, and had taken possession of my sitting-room upstairs, while awaiting my return.

"A lady, Betsy! Save the mark! What can any lady want with me?"

"She didn't say, Hurly; and I didn't ask."

"What sort of a lady?"

"I should say one of the right sort, by her locks," said Betsy; "but it's only to step upstairs and see for yourself."

"True; but I may as well have some cue. Are you sure you don't know the lady?"

"Never saw her before, Hurly."

"And you did not ask her name?" said I.

"She had such a quiet sisterly way about her, that I never thought of asking her name till I was out of the room."

"Sisterly—um! A young lady, then?"

Betsy laughed. "I didn't say young. You may call me young if you like; but it doesn't make me so, does it?"

"Oh!—sisterly, then, as in connection or comparison

with yourself; there's one danger the less," so I said; but I was half disappointed, though half relieved. For I had begun to fancy that my poor cousin, Sophy (whom Betsy had never seen), might have taken a journey to London, and sought me out for some service that I could render her. I was glad it was not so, for what would she meet with in London but mortification and sorrow? And yet I should have been glad to see her.

I went upstairs, opened the door of my sitting-room, and met the kindly countenance and bright benevolent eyes, and was grasped by the hand of—aunt Rhoda Millman.

"My dear madam," I began, but was instantly stopped by my visitor—

"Now, do not be alarmed. I see, by your looks, Hurly" (aunt Rhoda, like almost all the rest of my friends and acquaintance, had fallen into the habit of calling me Hurly)—"I see by your looks that you are afraid something painful has happened at Gracechurch Street since you left three hours ago; but there is nothing the matter. My brother is well, so are Edwin and his sister; and no unexpected intelligence has arrived from any quarter to trouble us."

I was very glad to hear it; greatly relieved by her assurance, and I said so.

"But you wonder all the more what has brought me so far away from home so late at night, and to your lodgings, of all other places."

I said, and meant what I said, that I felt both myself and my poor room very highly honoured by the visit. And as to its cause, I was sure it was "a sufficient and a good one, whatever it might be."

"I believe it is a good and sufficient one, Hurly. I know it is a benevolent one in intention," said aunt Rhoda.

I was not surprised to hear this. Aunt Rhoda was so kind-hearted that I think she would have looked upon a day as being lost in which she had not lightened some fellow-creature's burden, or softened some sorrow. She was not in the habit of being generous at the expense of others; and in general she shrank from asking any one, excepting perhaps her brother, for money to enable her to carry out any plan for which her own finances were barely sufficient. She preferred, I believe, making self-sacrifices in the accomplishment of her aims. I was sure, therefore, that the cause was urgent which brought her so far out of the way, to ask me (for, of course, that was what she came for) to co-operate with her in her benevolent design. I suppose my countenance expressed some gratification at the honour thus done me, for she said—

"I see you are willing to help me; but I hope you intend to sit down, Hurly."

I took the hint, and seated myself near to my visitor. "I will call for candles," I said; for, though it was a summer evening, and not nine o'clock, it was getting dark in Fetter Lane.

"No," she said, "there is light enough. I am not sure that I shall not get on better without the help of a candle."

She sat silent for half a minute, thinking how to open the matter on which her mind was set, I suppose. At last she said abruptly—

"You know that I kept school once, Hurly."

"I have heard that—that you were so good as to educate——"

"Kept school, Hurly," she repeated, with good-humoured peremptoriness. "I am not ashamed of it, nor ashamed to call things by their ordinary names; why

should I be? It was a very useful employment, and I look back upon it now with gratification—with real pleasure."

"I have not the least doubt, dear madam, that your former pupils share in that feeling with yourself," I said, wondering what was coming next; but rather imagining that one of those former pupils had fallen into adversity, and was needing more help than her old teacher could give without assistance from others.

"I kept school," she repeated; "and sometimes I had occasion to put rather embarrassing questions to my pupils as to their motives for pursuing certain courses of which I might or might not approve, and as to their feelings and intentions too. I was a very strict disciplinarian, I assure you, Hurly; and a very severe catechist."

"A very kind one, I am sure, Miss Millman."

"I am glad you think so, Hurly," the lady went on; "for it gives me hopes that you will still think me kind. For you must look upon yourself, for the next half-hour at least, as my pupil."

"Very willingly indeed. But should I not take a lower position?" I drew towards me a footstool, and would have seated myself near her feet, but she prevented me.

"No, no," she said hastily, "we will have no show of humiliation. It is I who should be humble; but there is no need to parade it. Let us be true to one another."

What could it all mean? What benevolent design was she set upon which needed so singular a preface? All I could say was that I accepted the terms she proposed, and would honestly and truly answer any questions aunt Rhoda might see right to propound.

"Thank you, Hurly," she said; "and now, to begin my inquisition, you must tell me honestly and truly whether you intend to remain single all your days?"

I almost started from my chair in sheer amazement. The question was so entirely unexpected; so beyond the range of any previous conjectures; so indelicate almost, or at least would have seemed so indelicate from other lips than those of a motherly, matronly friend; and yet it was asked so calmly and quietly that I was utterly astonished. I was very glad that lights had not been brought; that the room was so gloomy that the expression on my countenance was shaded.

"You did not expect to be asked such a question, of course I know that," said my *extempore* schoolmistress, "so I will give you time to think; only be honest."

By this time I had recovered composure enough to reply that I had formed no express intention on the subject, but that, as far as I could see, I had no prospect of being otherwise than in the state to which she had referred.

"Cautiously worded," said aunt Rhoda; "but I must be satisfied with the answer, I suppose. I come to the next question, therefore: Your prospect (I will not say intention) does not arise from any repugnance, any dread, I should rather say, of a married life?"

"Very far from it."

"Why don't you marry, then?" demanded the lady, with startling abruptness, almost sharply, it seemed to me.

Rather amused, and yet a little annoyed, I replied that among other reasons I might mention the very sufficient one, that my finances were not in so flourishing a state as to warrant such a bold step.

"In other words, you think you are too poor to keep a wife," said the out-spoken questioner. "But this is only one objection, and one which possibly might admit

of a satisfactory solution. Now, answer me, sir; is it another objection that you have never yet met with the person whom you——"

"Pardon me, madam," I said, hastily interrupting her; "I must entreat you to spare me that question."

"I won't spare you. I told you I was a strict disciplinarian, and a severe catechist; and I intend that you shall find me so. You *must* answer me." She said this with an assumption of authority which—however unlike the gentle aunt Rhoda I had hitherto known her to be—I thought very well became her. And, at any rate, I determined to humour her present bent, so I said, with mock humility and abasement, that, since I must confess, I would acknowledge, with due contrition, that I had permitted the citadel of my heart to be taken by storm, or, to be more correct in my simile, by sapping and mining unawares.

"In other words, you confess to having been or being what is vulgarly called in love?" said my interrogatress.

"If to be in love means heartily to admire and——"

"You need not go on with your definition, sir," said the lady. "It is enough that you acknowledge the fact. Now, I ask you another question; please to answer me. Have you ever sought to make the—the young person, whoever she may be, aware of your—what shall I say? your predilection?"

"Never, my dear madam."

"Why have you not?"

"Because,—but, madam, I ask you once more not to press that question."

It was getting darker and darker in the room, and I could not catch the expression on aunt Rhoda's countenance. I observed, however, that she rested her head for one moment or two on her hand, as though in the act of considering. Then she spoke again,—

"As you wish it, and have answered so openly my other questions, I will remit this, for the present, at least. But you must reply to the next. Have you reason to suppose that the young person—I take for granted she is a young person, you see—has indulged in a reciprocal predilection, attachment, what you please, towards yourself?"

"I have no reason to suppose it, madam."

"On the other hand, you fear, perhaps, that you do not please—that she has a prejudice against you, and therefore you have determined to abandon the pursuit of your wishes?"

"I have determined to abandon the pursuit," I said, "but not for the reason you suggest. I have no reason to suppose that the person in question has any personal dislike towards myself; I cannot think that, but I really do not know."

"You are a strange, cold-hearted lover, surely," said aunt Rhoda; "and, perhaps, I am wasting time on you. But I must go on with my catechism to the end; and I may understand, I suppose, that the reason why you have determined to subdue your affection is what you think to be an honourable reason?"

"I do, indeed, think it to be so," I said.

"For instance, your affections are misplaced."

"I have reason to believe——"

"Do not answer me yet. You have loved unwisely; you have been attracted by a pretty face and fair brow, lacking brains behind it? or you have discovered that the young person has faults of temper which would mar your domestic happiness? or she may be in too lowly a position in life, and your pride revolts from the humble connexion? or she is uneducated and vulgar? or, with many amiable, moral qualities, she may lack the one

thing needful? All of these are grave considerations, I am quite ready to admit. Tell me which conjecture is the right one."

A wild, strange thought—not a hope exactly, but something near it—crossed my puzzled brain, but I instantly dismissed it, and replied with as much composure as I could command, that all my querist's conjectures were wide of the mark. "I have before said, madam, that my finances——"

"That you are too poor to marry. Isn't this a subterfuge, Hurly? Or, am I to understand that your affections are fixed so much above you, as to bring out your comparative poverty into strong relief, and that, therefore, you are determined to subdue and root out those affections?"

"You are right," I said, "my affections are placed very high above my merits or my hopes."

"Have you subdued them? Are they uprooted?"

"Alas! no."

"Poor Hurly! poor Hurly!" She spoke very softly; "I can understand you, I think. But it may be that you are imprudent. You venture too frequently within the influence——"

"Spare me, I entreat you, my dear madam. And yet I will answer this one question, for I am not ashamed to reply that, as far as I can, I do avoid her presence, and, and—Be kind, my good and honoured friend; do not urge me further."

"One—only one question more." Aunt Rhoda's voice trembled a little as she spoke. I know she was agitated. "You avoid her presence, you say. Are you speaking of my dear niece—of Mary Millman?"

"Hurly," said aunt Rhoda, presently, "I have taken a very unusual course; a very indelicate course, some may say; and have acted and am acting quite unconventionally. But I am an old woman, or soon shall be; and I have learned this, that many a trouble would be smoothed down if people were not so fearful of being unconventional. You don't imagine that you supposed and cherished secret of so many years has been a real secret. Bless you, Hurly, why I knew it five years ago. But you should never have known that I even suspected it, if it had not been for a little circumstance which let me, not long ago, into another secret. My dear, you are not the first penitent I have brought to my confessional to-day; and I said to myself, why should two such dear friends of mine be unhappy, when a few words of mine—a little unconventionality—would make them both happy—rationally and naturally happy?"

"May I hope, then," I said, eagerly, "that your niece——"

Aunt Rhoda laid her hand on mine. "Go and ask her, Hurly."

Yes, I was very happy, I confess it; but the joy was transitory.

"You have meant very kindly, very benevolently, very generously," I said; "but it cannot be. Your brother, Mr. Millman, Mary's father, and my friend and employer—it would be a poor requital for all his goodness to me, were I to put it in his power to say, 'You have taken advantage of my confidence.'"

Aunt Rhoda fairly laughed. "You don't think I am here without my brother's knowledge?" she said. "Why, my dear, he sent me. He has known your secret longer than I have. He will tell you so tomorrow. And, Hurly, please to look out and see if the hackney coach is at the door below. I told the man to return for me in an hour."



## Varieties.

## TRADE UNIONS.

As a series of articles on the above subject appeared in "The Leisure Hour" in May last, which contain what I believe to be erroneous conclusions, will you permit me, on behalf of working-men, to lay before your readers a few remarks?

In discussing the subject of Trade Unions and Strikes on the part of the men, and Lock-Outs on the part of the employers, we should consider not only the actual state of any strife between the two contending parties, and its immediate cause, but the motive which works within, by which either party is liable to be prompted, and which is sure to be found on one side or the other in these unhappy differences. Both masters and men are liable to the passions and infirmities common to human nature, and these play their part in Strikes and Lock-Outs as in any other form of contention or bitterness. It is natural for men, when not influenced by higher principles, to take advantage of the exigencies, the wants, or the weakness of others for their own benefit, whenever there is an opportunity of doing so with impunity. When this impunity is the result of resistless power, the oppression becomes frightful, and this in proportion to the impunity possessed for its infliction.

This is the key to the whole subject. It is to prevent the superior power, possessed individually by the employer, growing into oppression, that the men combine, so that they may be, by their combination, on something like equality with the employer, in the bargain for the sale and purchase of their labour. The combination of the men being admitted to be essential to their well-being, as well as in itself just and reasonable, we must be careful not to fall into the mistake of supposing that the workmen, because they are united to oppose injustice, or the imminent danger of it, are themselves just and perfect. They may, in prosecuting the praiseworthy objects of their union, be guilty of excesses in doing what is in itself not only right, but absolutely their duty. But that does not prove the union to be pernicious; it only proves them to be wrong in their method of carrying it out. For instance, the Sheffield trade outrages, alluded to by the writer in "The Leisure Hour" (page 171), merely prove that ignorant and brutal men turned their union, if they had one, to brutal purposes, but proves nothing against Trade Unions rightly used.

These Sheffield outrages were denounced in the "Beehive" newspaper at the time of their perpetration, and the series of articles which appeared in that journal against them, joined to the spontaneous expressions of indignation from different trades had the effect of causing them to diminish in frequency, and they had, it was hoped, died out. To lay stress upon such outrages, as telling against Trade Unions, is beside the question.

I entirely agree with the writer in his remarks on the charge that unionism is an interference with "Free Trade" (page 170).

On the bare principles of political economy, masters are not to be blamed for trying to get the greatest possible amount of work for the smallest possible amount of pay. On the other hand, the workmen should not be blamed for trying, by all fair means, either to shorten their time or to get a higher remuneration for their labour. If experience shows that this can be effected by their combining together, no sound objection can exist, even on the principles of political economy, to the influence of Trade Unions.

The object of Trade Unions is to prevent wages falling below the regular demand and supply rate, which they most assuredly would if unions did not exist, and to secure to the workmen their proper share of the "wage fund," which they never yet have had.

Wages have increased, but never, even at their highest, have they increased in proportion to the vast increase of wealth which has resulted in the increase of profits. Hence the desire on the part of working-men to shorten the hours of labour, that they may enjoy and improve by the increase of knowledge which has characterised the present age. What to them is this increase, if they, by incessant toil, are completely shut out from it? For them it might just as well have no existence. For working-men to share in this increased knowledge, not only tends to their own improvement, but is also conducive to the good order and social improvement of society at large.

As increased wage and shorter hours can only be obtained by Trade Unions, it is most natural that workmen desire to see all in their trade belong to the Union. That this may sometimes be done objectionably, as already observed, is no objection to the propriety of such wish. Nor can any amount

of exhortation do away with the feeling of contempt which exists in every class of society for those who, while enjoying all the advantages of an institution, refuse to contribute to its support. Such are always, to a certain extent, "excommunicated." The writer, therefore, in laying this charge to the Union, mistakes the question. Such "excommunication," whether right or wrong, union or non-union, belongs to the natural feelings of the whole human race.

But let us see how far this feeling is shown by unionists. It can only exist where the unionists form the majority. But in many large trades, such as the building trades, for instance, the unionists are not the majority, and consequently "excommunication" can exist there but slightly. In many trades where the majority are unionists it exists in an equally slight degree, the unionists trusting more to moral reason and to the universal feeling just mentioned.

In no instance was this feeling of a common interest, which prompts not only trade combinations but all other institutions in every grade of society, believed to be for a common good, more strongly evinced than in the building-trade dispute of 1859, which originated in a demand for "Nine Hours" work per day. No sooner did it appear that the employers, by the "Document," intended not only to reject this demand, but to destroy trade unions, than the whole of the men in the trades, union and non-union, resisted. It was then seen by all what was intended by the employers; namely, to have the men completely under their control; which, had they succeeded in establishing the "Document," they most assuredly would have had, and the men, prompted by one common feeling, turned out to resist it. This mistake of attributing to Trade Unions that which belongs to all mankind pervades, in a greater or less degree, not only the articles under notice, but much of what has been written against the unions.

Want of space warns me to be brief. In treating of strikes, the writer is of opinion they are "a positive evil inflicting a positive loss." That they are costly, no one will deny; but the expense of anything must be taken in reference to the gain it is intended to procure, or the loss it is intended to avert. A reduction in wages of one penny per hour (which we take to be definite: any other sum may be taken, as the case may be) in a trade of 1000 men amounts to £250 a week, or £13,000 a year. In a trade of 10,000 men it amounts to £130,000 a year. In a trade of 20,000 it amounts to £260,000 a year. Considering the capital these sums represent, it cannot be surprising that the men are willing to risk great expense to prevent a loss so enormous.

The writer complains of what is sometimes called the "uniform rate of wages" as "degrading the standard of the British workman." This is, however, a mistake. All the workmen insist on is a *minimum* rate of wages. As space forbids me entering on this subject, I beg to refer the writer to a pamphlet by Mr. T. J. Dunning, on "Trade Unions and Strikes," where, at pages 17 to 21, this subject is elaborately treated, and furnishes, in my opinion, a complete answer to his objections. Meanwhile, I conclude by the following quotation:—"The true state of employer and employed is that of amity, and they are the truest friends, each of the other, for each derives his revenue from the other; and the fact is, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, that this state is, for the most part, their actual condition. Under no other circumstances could the trade and manufactories of the country have so greatly prospered and extended. It should, therefore, be the duty of both to prevent their harmony being interrupted. Each should consider this state its true relation, and consider its interruption the greatest of calamities."—GEORGE POTTER.

## HERALDIC NOTES ON THE FAMILIES OF ASHLEY COOPER AND COWPER.

In Heylyn's "Help to English History" (edition 1671), we read that, on July 3rd, 1622, the dignity of a baronet was conferred upon Sir Anthony Ashley, Knt., of St. Giles, Winburn, in the county of Dorset. On the day following, July 4th, 1622, the dignity of baronet was conferred upon John Cooper, Esq., of Rockbourn, in the county of Hants. In the same book, under the head of "Barons of England," we have, as the arms of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Lord Ashley of Winburn, St. Giles, in Dorset, the arms of the Coopers only (viz., Gules, a bend

engrailed between six lioncels rampant argent). It is particularly worthy of note that here the title is Ashley and the arms are Cooper's. On turning to Collins's "Peerage" of 1715, we learn that Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper was son and heir of Sir John Cooper and grandson of Richard *Copper*, or *Cooper*, by Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Anthony Ashley. By letters-patent, dated April 20, in the 13th of Charles I, soon after the restoration, Sir A. Ashley Cooper was made a baron of England as Lord Ashley of Wimborne, St. Giles. He chose his mother's name for a title, in accordance with a clause in his father's marriage agreement; namely, that if he, or any of his heirs, should be raised to the peerage, this should be their title. In the 24th of Charles II Lord Ashley was created Lord Cooper of Paulet and Earl of Shaftesbury. This was about 1672, and is therefore not mentioned in the "Help to English History." It is very curious that Collins, in 1715, should give, as the arms of Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the arms of the Ashley family. Collins thus describes them: "Argent, three Bulls passant sable, armed, or, which properly is the arms of Ashley." Now it really seems as if the use of the arms of Cooper by Lord Ashley, and the arms of Ashley by Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, is the origin of the legend about the Shaftesburys and Cowpers having exchanged arms.

Not long after 1715, the Earls of Shaftesbury appear to have regularly quartered the two coats of Ashley and Cooper. The edition of Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," published in 1749, in accordance with a plan not now followed by the English nobility, gives us the arms of Ashley and Cooper quartered with ten others. The first and second of these coats are the two properly belonging to the family, and the ten which follow indicate as many families with which alliances have been formed, or from which honours have been derived. The so-called "hoops" in the shield just referred to are the charge of the sixth of the twelve coats; they are six in number, and are the arms of some such family as Lewther or Musgrave. They form no proper portion of the arms of Ashley Cooper, but are the distinct bearings of a separate family. Again, these "hoops" are not hoops, but "annulets," or rings, and are believed to symbolise rings from a coat of mail. For a long time the Earls of Shaftesbury have borne on their shields both the coats of Ashley and Cooper, in the form known as quarterly; that is to say, each of the coats appears twice.

With reference to the Cowper family, the case is simple and the story short. According to Heylyn, on March 4, 1642, Sir William Cowper, of Ratling Court, Kent, was created a baronet of Scotland. The family originally came from Sussex, but, about the end of the reign of Charles I, became possessors of Hertford Castle. In 1706, Sir William Cowper was created Lord Cowper of Wingham, in Kent, and Viscount Fordwich, Earl Cowper, in 1718. The arms, as given by Collins, and wherever else I have seen them, are, "Argent, three Martlets gules, on a chief engrailed of the second, three annulets." The annulets in this case are called "or," in other words, are golden rings, referring to some imaginary or real prowess which had won the family such a distinction. Thus, then, the unhappy hoops disappear alike from the arms of the Cowpers, where nothing of the sort is to be found, and from those of the family of Earl Cowper, where they are the rings of some fabulous coat of mail.

It is deserving of notice that families of Cowper, not related to the one from which the poet sprang, have arms which are different. The Cowpers I belong to have a bend engrailed, three bezants between two lions rampant, and a cock's head for crest. The bezants (representing gold coins from Constantinople) are referred by some to the crusades; but I fancy that the coins point to trade or banking, rather than fighting or pilgrimage.

I am inclined to think that, when Cowper the poet received his appointment as Clerk of the Parliament, he had a book-plate engraved, bearing the family arms, and below, a motto with the owner's name and title. A copy of the "Encomium Morium" (Praise of Folly), by Erasmus, now in my possession, has such a book-plate. The motto is *Fax mentis honestæ gloria*, and the inscription below,

"WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.,  
"Clerk of the Parliaments."

The motto is noticeable, because that of the earl is *Tuum est*. The elegant book-plate was pasted over a very homely one, upon which is printed WM. COWPER.

It is curious that the present Earl of Shaftesbury, by marriage with Lady Emily Cowper, has the right to marshal the arms of Cowper with those of Ashley Cooper.

B. H. COWPER.

**HOT WEATHER.**—The New York Registrar of Vital Statistics, in his report on the weather of this summer, states that the heat was accompanied by a degree of dryness which averted a fatality that would otherwise have been unprecedented as regards sunstroke. The average humidity was 40, saturation being as 100. The older physicians of New York will never forget the damp hot week ending August 20, 1853, when 214 deaths from sunstroke were recorded by the city inspector. The temperature hardly reached a mean of 80 degrees; but the average humidity was nearly twice as great as in the second week in July 1866. The mean temperature of this latter week exceeded 82 degrees. The mean temperature of Friday, July 13, was 92 degrees; the lowest point in the night, 84 degrees. It was the hottest day and night experienced for many years. There were in New York and Brooklyn 33 deaths from sunstroke in the week, and about 20 other deaths justly attributable to the direct effects of heat.

**ORANGEADE.**—Mr. Walter Lewis, medical officer to the General Post Office, gives the following prescription for a drink which not only assuages the thirst more effectually than either water or beer, but which has, moreover, strong antiseptic and anti-diarrhoeal properties. It is called orangeade, and is thus composed:—Take of dilute sulphuric acid, concentrated infusion of orange-peel, of each twelve drachms; syrup of orange-peel, five fluid ounces. This quantity is added to two imperial gallons of water. A large wineglassful is taken for a draught, mixed with more or less water, according to taste.

**UMBRELLAS IN 1773.**—Those who walk always carry an umbrella, which is so exceedingly useful that I wonder the people in London do not adopt it; especially as it is so much more the fashion for the better sort to walk there than in Paris, where nobody makes use of their legs but from necessity. These umbrellas are wonderfully convenient for the French beaux, whom I have frequently seen ambling alone on tip-toe in the hardest showers of rain, without disordering a hair of their *toupees*.—*Sir G. Collier's Tour in France.*

**FREE LIBRARY OF HULME, MANCHESTER.**—In 1857 the Manchester Municipal Council resolved to open branch free libraries throughout the city. In accordance with this resolve, Hulme was selected as a centre for one of the branches. A dwelling-house was hired, and with a library of 3000 vols. the Council commenced operations. The scheme was immediately crowned with success, the issue of volumes for the year being 50,000, or at the rate of 215 per day. Since that period there has been a rapid but steady increase in the number of volumes issued, for in 1862 (the fifth year of its establishment) it issued volumes at the rate of 305 per day, or 91,000 for the year, and in 1865 at the rate of 318 per day, or 96,000 during the year. The library has in the meantime been provided with additional books, which now number nearly 10,000, and comprise all the ingredients of a standard library, a noticeable feature of the collection being a portion of the Holy Scriptures printed in embossed characters for the use of the blind. It may, in conclusion, be stated that the success of the scheme has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and has necessitated the erection of the new building, at a cost of about £3600.

**HOW TO PROSPER.**—Daniel, "the man greatly beloved" of God, was a busy statesman. Darius had made him his chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtual ruler of the empire. But, amidst all the cares of office, he knelt upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still; the public accounts did not run into confusion; there was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his. Even his enemies said, "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and leisure to pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a first-rate man of business to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge, his wisdom, and his skill. This was the secret of his being found by the king ten times better than all the wise men that were in all his realm. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him.—*Dr. J. Hamilton's "Mount of Olives."*